The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Formosa Threat

THERE are three references to the island of Formosa in President Truman's fateful message of June 27: "I have ordered the Seventh Fleet to prevent any attack on Formosa;" an order to Chiang to cease bombing the Chinese mainland, in the hope of limiting the spread of the war; and the announcement that Formosan sovereignty would be determined later.

At present it is unhappily the first of these items that overshadows everything. What if the Chinese Communists with their 5,000 wooden junks, 30 LSTs, jet-plane air force and vast numbers of battle-trained men, move across the straits against Formosa regardless of our Seventh Fleet? Would not the United States then be at war with Communist China?

The results of such involvement are painfully apparent. As Mao's troops are now disposed, they could move in force into South Korea and wipe out the US-UN beachhead. Also, war with China, to be prosecuted successfully, would have to be waged on a grand scale; the United States would have to commit so much of our limited supply of men and weapons in Asia as to render us impotent in Europe and the Near East. Finally, by taking arms in defense of the hated Chiang regime, we should be alienating all other Asiatics and jeopardizing the international support which we have been building up.

In other words, the USSR could contemplate further conquests with the comforting knowledge that American forces were pinned down in China, while the rest of the non-Communist world was badly split and too weak for effective opposition. Hence the apparent effort of the Russians to get the United States embroiled in China.

But must this country go toward this doom with all the inevitability of Greek tragedy because on June 27 Mr. Truman ordered the Navy to defend Formosa? Is there no way out but to hope that in the end Mao will get cold feet? It seems absurd that the leaders of this country would leave the decision in this vital matter solely in the hands of our mortal enemies in Asia.

It is so patently in the American interest to limit the war that this should be the keystone of our immediate policy. Other things should be sacrificed. Unpleasant as that would be, the Seventh Fleet could now be ordered to other waters—in pursuance of a policy of confining aid to Chiang to supplies of every sort.

On the positive side there is that question of Formosan sovereignty. Should not the United States at this hour propose that the island be put under United Nations trusteeship? Then defense of Formosa would no longer be a defense of the Chiang regime and it would be a United Nations rather than a United States concern (if blocked by Russian veto in the Security Council, it could be supported by the General Assembly).

The Korean war has set a revealing precedent. In Asia, especially, and throughout the world, the UN does embody man's aspirations for peace and justice, for security and bread. Defense against aggression — considering the USSR's potential—has perforce to be a common rather than a unilateral task. Quite properly it is the duty of the United Nations, rather than that of the United States.

THAT is why it is likewise important to develop instruments to forestall aggression everywhere: UN commissions which can be dispatched at a moment's notice to the scene of any outbreak; immediate convening of the General Assembly to take action in a crisis in case a veto should block Council action; the building up of an effective UN police force subject to direction by both Council and Assembly. Only in conjunction with the United Nations can our manpower, our new weapons and our industrial might be effectively utilized for the defense and liberation of the world's peoples.

But the urgent, immediate problem remains: to get the Seventh Fleet out of the Formosa Strait.

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• NEXT WEEK •

In "President versus Congress," EDWARD LITTLEJOHN writes of his doubts that the average American citizen has well-formulated views on such issues as the Halibut Treaties, Trade Agreements or the International Bank.

"Certainly it is vital to provide for the widest political education, and it is important to establish wide areas of agreement on crucial issues. Nevertheless, eliciting consent rather than reflecting preferences more correctly describes an attainable democratic ideal. More often than not, it is a question of what the people will accept after suitable explanation and reasonable pressure."

Representation

SOMETIMES a man knows instinctively when discussion based on logic and reason is almost useless. The power of historic prejudice and emotional blood-thinking is tremendous. In the face of them even the coolest of men, armed with the strongest of arguments, becomes helpless. There comes a time in the argument when the advocate of interracial justice is asked about his sister, and if he has any experience he knows that from this point on, nothing he says is going to make much difference.

So it is now when we are faced with the question of appointing a minister to the Holy See. From the US point of view, it would seem that everything is to be gained from such a move and nothing lost. As President Truman said at the time of Myron C. Taylor's resignation, such an appointment would make a "fundamental contribution to the unity of moral conviction that today sustains the world's peoples in their unflagging efforts for international peace with freedom and justice and genuine opportunity for progress."

One could cite the historic precedent: prior to the Civil War a US ministry was maintained at the Vatican. One could invoke the argument that Pius XII, like George VI, is not only head of a church but ruler of a sovereign state and as such has long received diplomats from Catholic, Protestant and pagan countries alike, many of which are as repelled by union of Church and State as we are. One could point out that the US more than the Church stands to benefit from such an appointment and that Catholics as Catholics may be quite indifferent to the question whereas as Americans they may, like Baptist Truman, see the wisdom of their country's being represented at the world's great listening post.

There are many arguments one could put forth, but none of them is likely to make much difference as far as convincing those Americans who are haunted by a fearful and unreasonable anti-Catholicism is concerned.

Anti-Catholic prejudice is bad for the nation, as anti-Semitism and native racism are. But it is nonetheless a political reality which neither Mr. Truman nor the Senate, which will have to ratify the proposed appointment, can ignore.

There is sure to be heated controversy and dispute in some circles over the possibility of a Vatican minister. It would be unfortunate if the argument were generally framed in terms of the historic anti-Catholic legend on the one hand and

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of aggressive Catholic group-pride on the other. If by some miracle of good sense Mr. Truman's, and Mr. Roosevelt's, case for representation should be dealt with on its own merits, the question could be solved painlessly. But that is unlikely.

It is probably too much to expect Catholics as a group to remember that their religion is not immediately concerned with this political question; too much to expect the jumpy opponents of everything tinged with Catholicism to keep their eye on the fact that it is America more than the Vatican which stands to gain. It is more likely that in this not all-important matter, as in so many others, America will have to pay the price of the prejudices nurtured by large segments of its population.

The Little Things

THERE was a thing called fascism and for a time almost the whole world went to war about it. To us in this country, except for our combat GIs, it never had the full meaning that it still has for Europe. For most of us fascism was an idea we denounced at mass meetings, or signed petitions against, or used as a dirty word. For the people of Europe it was more than an idea. It was something they lived with, hour after hour, day after day, for years.

It was the silence of a forbidden speech, the burning of a book, the suppression of a pastoral letter or the closing of a scientist's lab. Fascism was the rounding up of Jews and political dissenters in the middle of the night, the long silence and then, eventually, the discovery of Buchenwald and Auschwitz. It was the troops marching down the cathedral in the middle of the bishop's sermon, the castor-oil treatment for those who dared to lift a voice in protest, the mocking of the ballot-box. For others fascism was the march of invading soldiers through their own streets, the strutting conquerors moving about the town square, the slow hopeless procession of ox-carts down the country roads while enemy planes menaced overhead, the sudden death-orders and the long, hungry, bloody liberation. Fascism was many things, none of them pleasant.

Fascism is still something the people of Europe live with. There are the war-crippled, the orphaned and widowed at hand to keep the memory of it alive. Now people thumb through the snapshots of their dead and in the face of new threats are disturbed at night by the memory of a thousand old horrors. What was never more than a vicious idea for most of us is still a living fact for them.

At one time, for all of us, fascism in Europe was three uniformed men. One of them, presumably, was finally buried in the debris of battered Berlin; another was hanged upside down on a lamp post in Milan; the third, the one who above all others means fascism today, still lives and rules in Madrid.

He was not the worst of the dictators and, to some degree, may be comparatively benevolent. But to millions who remember only too well, he is the living symbol of all that was once called fascism.

Now the threatening thing is called communism, and in many details it is practically the same thing all over again. To fight it, the United States Senate voted to grant the Spanish dictator a $100,000,000 Marshall Plan loan. There were only 15 dissenting votes. Senator Wayne B. Morse said that his vote amounted to a "wrestle with my conscience." The Senate spokesmen designated their action as a "realistic" move in the struggle against Communism. Everyone of course was aware that Francisco Franco is a symbol of fascism in Europe and knew that by supporting his regime the US—which has already given aid and comfort to the repudiated Chiang Kai-shek and dictator Tito—has further compromised its own defense of freedom. But these considerations did not seem to be as real to the Senators as the immediate political and military situation in Europe. They chose in the name of "realism" to ignore the popular sentiments.

Feelings and sentiments, memories and symbolism are intangibles which are sometimes difficult to appreciate. Senator McCarran said: "It is time that we lay aside the little things." But it is the little things that add up to the spirit of resistance. And without that the most careful military planning and political maneuvering may come to naught. Even in politics and war man himself is the ultimate measure.

What Is Essential?

AS THE nation begins to dip into its pool of manpower, the question of the relative importance of various civilian activities again comes to the fore. For draftees, that is to be decided by Selective Service; for Reservists and members of the National Guard, lists have been issued by both the Labor and Commerce Departments.

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On the former's more restricted list of 49 "critical occupations," the widest latitude seems to be extended to scientists of every kind, including the botanist and the glassblower for scientific laboratories, while the mathematician likewise holds an honored place.

The Department of Commerce list of 72 "essential activities" seems to reach out to almost every process in the American workaday world. The presumption is that at this stage the main outlines of normal life must go on in order to maintain "safety, health and the national interest." That goes for smokes, candy and television as well as for food, clothing and shelter.

In that the avowed purpose of this rather comprehensive list (which will be cut down as the situation requires and is not binding at any time on the armed services) is to designate certain activities as clearly non-essential, the latter items are the more interesting. As the United States begins to gird herself for a war of indefinite duration, we feel that somehow we can get along without more furs, lace, feathers, plumes and artificial flowers. Unflinchingly we shall forego the comfort of new bedroom slippers and the reassurance, or challenge, provided by new mirrors. We shall have to go easy on reed and rattan furniture, perhaps make the old lampshades do and count on no unlimited supply of picture frames or domestic hand-painted china.

By next summer there may well be many fewer young employees of resort hotels, "ranches" and recreational camps. Young men associated with beer, wine and hard liquor wholesalers will exchange jobs, as will sign painters and purveyors and makers of outdoor advertising displays. Horticulture will provide no basis for deferment nor will farming as a hobby. And one of the biggest non-essential operations, in the Department's view, is the manufacture and distribution of games, dolls and toys.

Virtually everything else at this point *could* be considered essential for the national interest—from stockbroking to running a beauty shop—according to Secretary Sawyer's announcement. So far he seems to have left in plenty of froth and flimsy.

Home Front

CHANCES are that if, as voters, we all play hard to get between now and November, a fur-lined bomb shelter with radiant heating and built-in television may replace the old "chicken in every pot" promise as the offering made to us by our enterprising politicians. In California, Jimmy Roosevelt, who is in a desperate way for votes to overtake Governor Earl Warren, has severely castigated Warren for leaving the state practically helpless against a possible atom bombing. "I propose," says Roosevelt, "the immediate creation and building of a number of evacuation areas . . . [consisting] of mammoth community barracks, feeding centers, laundries, hospitals, churches and schools"—shadow cities to be located inland in the state's forests and parks, easily accessible to potential refugees from the coastal cities.

Six senators (McMahon, Taft, Myers, Capehart, Magnuson and Hickenlooper), all up for re-election, agree with the Roosevelt campaign strategy, which is, that the old domestic issues are nearly dead and that the elections will be decided by public reaction to the Korean war and its consequences. No one, they reason, is excited now about socialism, the Brannan plan, socialized medicine or deficit spending.

So we are going to hear all about Korea, Communism and atom shelters instead. The Democrats will be proving that the Republicans were isolationists who couldn't see Korea coming (says Democratic Senator Myers: "Some of those who opposed the military programs and demanded that they be reduced sometimes are the loudest now in criticism of the lack of preparedness"). The Republicans will be proving that the Democrats have bungled us into war (says Republican Senator Hickenlooper: "I think the people of Iowa feel that the time has come to throw out this Administration crowd that has made all of the mistakes that have involved us in the Korean war").

When this country faced disaster after Pearl Harbor, our politicians decided then that the country was in such peril that a bi-partisan attitude toward war could best preserve our national existence and keep the loss of life to a minimum. If, however, we are to judge from the attitude of some of our politicians today, they are, somehow, of the opinion that our perils now are not serious enough to require political sacrifice.

If, then, we must endure, in the face of atomic annihilation, a long, divisive and gaseous session of political oratory on the war, we rather hope that some of the orators will heed the words of Senator Magnuson: "The people are beginning to realize that we are in a serious situation in which we must all pull together and they won't take kindly to a lot of loose criticism."

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Peace, Peace, When There Is No Peace

French Christians are confronted with the Stockholm Petition

By ROBERT BARRAT

ONCE AGAIN Christian circles in France have experienced a certain confusion when confronted by the spring offensive of the Communist Party. This time it is a question of a peace offensive, or rather a pseudo-peace offensive. Ever since May all the cities and the smallest villages of France have been invaded by young men and women going from house to house trying to get people to sign a petition which reads:

> We demand the absolute outlawing of the atomic bomb, a frightful weapon for the mass extermination of the populace.
>
> We demand the establishment of rigorous international control in order to assure that this outlawing will be carried out.
>
> We consider that the government which would first use the atomic bomb against any country whatsoever would commit not only a war crime, but a crime against humanity and should be treated as a war criminal.
>
> We call upon all men of good will in the world to sign this petition.

My readers will have recognized right off the Stockholm Petition, drawn up last March by the World Committee of the Partisans of Peace. As for myself, always traveling about, I was not able to record my reaction with the bearers of the petition when they came to my house. I was away. But it happens that these advocates of peace sometimes become very insistent, if not belligerent.

One of my friends, a professor living at Versailles, was accosted on leaving Sunday Mass by an affable young lady, who said in a mincing fashion: "You see, sir, you are a Catholic; you cannot refuse to sign an appeal in favor of peace."

My friend is a professor of philosophy and competent at dialectics. With a good deal of vigor and skill he tried to point out to the young lady the weakness of the syllogism in which she claimed to have trapped him. A small group of people began to form; they followed this unprepared controversy with interest.

Suddenly from behind some plane trees two brawny men appeared. They seized my friend under the arms, dragged him over to the wall, took off his glasses and said: "Sign." Although he is not a belligerent type, my friend has a courage which is not only intellectual. He energetically refused to sign. In the face of this resistance and the murmurs of the crowd, the two muscle men let him go. I believe that he acquitted himself very well.

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SEDUCTION, blackmail, intimidation — the tactics of the totalitarian Communists are well known: the day before yesterday instigating strikes; yesterday opposing the war in Indo-China; today all for banning the atom bomb; tomorrow demanding the withdrawal of the Allied troops from Korea; the day after tomorrow . . . the subject is unimportant. First of all they stir up currents of opinion which derive from the instinctive reactions of the people; then they bring forward new slogans. Little by little the people are deluded.

How many thousands of good people in France, upon the arrival in their midst of a group of attractive bicyclists who ask them to sign a petition against the atom bomb, have not imagined for a single instant that it was the Communist Party which was directing this maneuver behind the scenes. The Holy See has put Catholics on guard in a general way against all collaboration with the Communists. But it is not always easy to recognize them behind the different masks which they assume.

It is here that one might, as certain men do, regret the absence of a center for Catholic information, or of an authorized organization which has the responsibility of detecting Communist slogans and takes an active role in a current controversy of such importance.

For it must be said that the Catholic press reacted in a somewhat desultory fashion after several weeks of indecision. Many priests continued to ignore the existence of the manifesto, or, in the absence of word from the hierarchy, were incapable of giving practical advice to those who came for it. The letter of the French Cardinals

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and Archbishops on peace was not made public until June 19; it has not been of great practical help to the faithful in helping them to see their way clearly. Readers may judge for themselves.

> It is understandable that in this atmosphere of confusion the Stockholm Petition against the use of the atom bomb has deceived many good people. . . . Whoever has a "true sense of humanity," as His Holiness Pius XII said two years ago, can only condemn the use of all modern weapons which strike without distinction both combatants and civil populations, and which blindly spread death over areas which each day become more extensive as man's scientific power increases.
>
> For our part we condemn them with all our strength, as we did not hesitate to condemn, during the last war, mass bombings which in attacking military objectives, also at the same time made victims of old men and of women and children. We are convinced that humanity dishonors the intelligence with which God has endowed it if it turns toward evil a science which could be so fruitful for good. . . .

This statement therefore left the faithful in their perplexity and many would have wished a clearer reply to the question: "Should I sign or not?" For it implied a further question in the background: "Is it collaboration with the Communists to sign a resolution the text of which in no particular goes against my conscience?"

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IN FACT IT SEEMS that the hierarchy was uneasy about giving an unequivocal answer to this question. Several weeks before this episcopal letter appeared, a certain number of Christians — priests, laymen, religious — published a Christian Manifesto against the atom bomb. Reproducing the Stockholm Petition they added, as a preface, several quotations from ecclesiastical authorities of a very vague, general character, such as: "If ever a generation must have had aroused in the depths of its conscience the cry 'to war against war' it is without question the present generation." (Pius XII, Christmas, 1944). Or again: "The destruction of the national patrimony caused by attacks from the air and by terrible weapons that have just been invented are such that they reduce to misery both defeated and victorious peoples alike." (Monsignor Ottaviani, Treatise on Public Ecclesiastical Law, Rome, 1947).

This manifesto, posted in Paris and put up on the doors of churches, provoked a certain sensation. "Is there so little unity and authority in the Church in France," the simple faithful thought, "that some advise us not to sign so that we will not be playing the Communists' game, and others sign in order not to be cut off from the people?"

It is this last argument that the authors of the manifesto especially insisted on in explaining their position. A Dominican father, a theologian well known in Paris, sent his friends a circular letter in which he clearly explained his position. Here are the essential arguments. He first recalled that there is a morality in warfare which for the Christian comes from two sources: brotherly love, which makes it a duty, even when resorting to arms to defend the common good when it has been unjustly attacked, to have at the same time no hatred for the aggressor; and secondly, the morality of human rights, which demands that the violence necessary be exerted only against combatants: therefore women, old men, children and the wounded must be spared as well as non-military objectives such as civilian areas, monuments, public buildings, etc. To the extent to which the atomic bomb—"blind, inhuman, of mass effect"—fails to respect these demands of Christian morality, it must be condemned and the first of two adversaries to use it must be held to be a war criminal.

The Dominican father nonetheless admits that the criticisms in question would not apply to "the use of a baby atom bomb made for tactical and properly military use." Then he defends himself, in taking a position against the atom bomb, from the charge that he is adopting the ideological or political positions of the Communists and advancing their cause. But it seems desirable to him that at the present historical moment a certain number of Christians, living in contact with the people and engaged in the battle for the liberation of the worker, prove by their acts that the Church does not automatically put herself in the so-called capitalist camp. The people react against the atom bomb: in order not to be cut off from them it is important to react against the bomb with equal vigor. (Needless to say, I am summarizing here, in a crude way, his line of reasoning.)

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THIS LAST POINT is clearly the weak spot in the position of the signers of the Christian Manifesto. "If the Communists," wrote Canon Rhodain, Secretary General of the *Secours Catholique,* "sponsored a petition for good weather or a manifesto against spring frosts, they would find Catholics—among them several well known religious—who would sign it immediately, since certain ones habitually go along in their wake. Through a laudable desire to be in contact with the masses, these men follow them wherever they go."

It is easy to see how difficult it can be for a priest who is a leader in the labor movement to break with popular sentiment and to appear as a brother who is playing the worker false.

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"We must be with the Communists every time they are right," a progressive Christian said to me recently. But if the Communists are right on certain matters of detail while the totality of their system is a vast complexus of error, must we agree with them on these matters of detail and remain silent about the rest?

"Is this not a clear case of that collaboration against which the hierarchy warns us?" asks Father d'Ouince, Director of *Etudes,* in his excellent reply to the authors of the Christian Manifesto. "On a number of occasions in the course of the past few years the most authoritative voices in the Church have reminded the faithful that there was danger and error in favoring, even without compromising Catholic doctrine, the coming of a system which is deliberately hostile to the Catholic faith. Here the collaboration takes place on the privileged terrain chosen by the Communist Party to increase its influence; it is aggravated by a permanent danger of temptation against the Faith, at least of defiance against the Church. For the whole propaganda of the Partisans of Peace tends to put the Catholic Church in the position of one accused, reproaching her for her supposed silence, shaming Christians for their inefficacy. The isolated Catholic ends by admitting these grievances; he joins the Partisans of Peace as a shame-faced auxiliary, enrolling at the eleventh hour, nourishing in his bosom a vague bitterness against the Church who in his estimation has failed in her mission.

"One has to have the most imperative of motives—which, I repeat, sometimes exist—if he is not to denounce an imposture like this which troubles and exasperates so many souls.

"I should mention, as well, the other motive, more specious and more noble, which was invoked by the signers of the Christian Manifesto: to keep up the active presence of the Church at the center of a great popular current which carries along the best and the worst; not to interrupt a dialogue which for several years has shown itself to be so beneficent; to help sincere pacifists to find, in their confused aspirations, an impulsion toward that brotherly peace which is promised to men of good will. Is it not permissible, for such good objectives, to resign oneself to appear naive politically and even to scandalize certain Christians?

"It is worth taking notice of still others, who plead that as pioneers they have a calling which makes for an exception here. Now I do not deny at all that such vocations exist; the Church has authority to recognize them and direct them. But if the rule of the Apostle is to become all things to all men, he insists on not belonging to anyone, on remaining a free witness of the Word of God, Who does not permit Himself to be made captive. This liberty requires that a man cut himself free on occasion. Whoever refuses to do this a priori is already a captive. Several progressive Christians were numbered among the signers of the manifesto. For them, in that a silent pact permits collaboration with the Communist Party on condition of never being either critics or adversaries, the allegiance to the Stockholm program is a step from which there is no return.

"For the others, as far as can be seen, it will not last long. If the movement of the Partisans of Peace threatens now to expand its ranks and to gain sympathizers among Christians, I have no doubt that rather soon there will come again the reaction so often repeated in analogous formations, from the United Front to the Federation of the Deportees. Independent Catholics will decide to leave it either on tiptoe or with a slam of the door—and the sympathizers will depart because they will see that, having offered themselves to be comrades along the way, they have become hostages."

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IN fact, the stratagem of this petition was obvious to the least informed. The atomic superiority of the United States is in all probability the chief obstacle which can prevent the Russians from realizing their plans of world domination. To provoke by misleading means a vast movement of international opinion against the use of atomic weapons—a movement which would make it morally impossible for the United States to use them in case of need—brings about a dislocation of power in favor of the USSR. And does it not also threaten to precipitate the hostilities everyone wants to prevent?

As for myself, I regret that the authors of the Christian Manifesto, not content with demanding the outlawing of the atom bomb, did not demand also some other little items which might have been painful for the USSR and the Communists: acceptance of a plan for the control of atomic energy such as the United States has proposed; acceptance of a commission of inquiry on Soviet concentration camps; acceptance of a plan of progressive and universal disarmament and the establishment of a true system of collective security, or the evacuation of the occupied countries of Eastern Europe.

Why should not the USSR, that nation by which peace is so beloved, give as a magnificent contribution to the peace of the world a pledge to demobilize her 175 divisions, or a promise to produce in her factories tractors and automobile motors rather than heavy bombers and bazookas?

But it seems to me that there is some naivete in seeking this late in the twentieth century to proscribe the use of atomic weapons on the grounds that they are "blind, inhuman and of mass effect." If one were to judge modern arms

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according to these three criteria I believe that it would be necessary to condemn them all from the simple flame-thrower to the phosphorous bomb.

Indeed modern war can only be a total war. From the day on which man learned to kill at a distance there has always been danger of death for non-combatants. And I am even quite sure that this danger existed well before gunpowder was invented. One has only to read the chroniclers of the Middle Ages or the historians of ancient times to realize how armies conducted themselves in the countries they had conquered.

The humanization of war, the respect for non-combatants, the truce of God, courtesy toward prisoners, all that came to exist in a certain epoch when men of war were inspired by the ideals of Christian chivalry and especially when the Popes, the first servants of God, possessed enough temporal power and a powerful enough system of alliances to punish princes and kings who violated the rules of war.

In our days the churches have at their disposal only the weakest means of leading the belligerents along the path of righteousness. As for their spiritual weapons, they no longer have any effect whatever on those heads of state who believe neither in God nor the devil. Unless there is a sudden and unexpected upsurge in the moral consciousness of the peoples of the world, it is to be feared that it will be a long time before war can be waged in this other way.

Be that as it may, what has happened in Korea has come along to trouble the beautiful propaganda schemes which portray the USSR as an unaggressive and peaceful nation. No Frenchman of good sense (and they are still, thank God, in the majority) could be made to believe that the North Koreans could have by their own efforts alone put in the field an army as powerful as that which invaded South Korea.

The Communist press, which in the uncertainty of the first days of battle spoke of the "unqualified American aggression," is now content to speak today of the "liberating march of the Korean armies." All elements which are not Communist in this country have reacted unanimously in favor of the American point of view. The strong, calm and wise words of President Truman reassured a public opinion which was beginning to become anxious.

"What is American aid worth?" That, in effect, is the question which the French, and in general all Western peoples, are asking as they follow on the map the course of the distant battle. If the United States were, God forbid, to be beaten in Korea, to lose Formosa, or to suffer defeats in other parts of the world, opinion favoring European neutrality, of which I have written recently, would be reinforced. And perhaps this time the Communists would not be the last to become propagandists for it.

Stockholm and Detroit

THE GREAT crime of the Communists is their annihilation of truth. Those who have read the book *The God That Failed* remember that it was the discovery of this fact that most shocked Ignazio Silone. Perhaps it may not be a bad idea to cite his experience in Moscow:

> They were discussing one day, in a special commission of the Executive, the ultimatum issued by the central committee of the British trade unions, ordering its local branches not to support the Communist-led minority movement, on pain of expulsion. After the representative of the English Communist Party had explained the serious disadvantages of both solutions—because one meant the liquidation of the minority movement and the other the exit of the minority from the trade unions—the Russian delegate Piatnisky put forward a suggestion which seemed as obvious to him as Columbus' egg. "The branches," he suggested, "should declare that they submit to the discipline demanded, and then, in practice, should do exactly the contrary." The English Communist interrupted, "But that would be a lie." Loud laughter greeted this ingenuous observation; frank, cordial, interminable laughter, the like of which the gloomy offices of the Communist International had perhaps never heard before. The joke quickly spread all over Moscow, for the Englishman's entertaining and incredible reply was telegraphed at once to Stalin and to the most important offices of state, provoking new waves of mirth everywhere. The general hilarity gave the English Communist's timid, ingenuous objection its true meaning. And that is why, in my memory, the storm of laughter aroused by that short, almost childishly simple little expression—"But that would be a lie"—outweighed all the long, heavy oppressive speeches I heard during sittings of the Communist International, and has become a kind of symbol for me.

One of its crueler manifestations in our own country is the grip that Communists were able to get on some of our unions. Men like Joe Curran and Mike Quill, for instance, may or may not have carried cards, may or may not have been ideological converts, may have been merely meanly ambitious, but they and their unions, like the UE also, were deployed as conscripts in Stalin's cause. Recusant this long while now, they have much to tell of the near destruction of their unions by the Party; and those who read *The Pilot* know that Joe Curran has told the story pungently and well.

Whether you regard our GIs in Korea as being engaged

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in a police action or being in a war is little concern of mine. What is important, in the rebuilding of our arsenal of democracy, is the kind and character of the workers on the line. On them depend the strength and perfection of the equipment our soldiers need, and of that which will be needed should Stalin decide to unleash in Europe what Winston Churchill has called the "array of armored avalanches."

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COMMUNISTS ON OUR assembly lines must be, and perforce are, the special and continued concern of our labor unions. For their power and their desire to engage in sabotage are exactly in proportion to their freedom of movement.

I don't suppose that anyone over twelve, who is not patently morally corrupt, would doubt this, but the UAW-CIO has as verifiable knowledge on the subject as anyone. In 1941, while the Hitler-Stalin pact was still a fact, Communists in the North American Aviation plant at Maywood, California, as well as at the Allis Chalmers plant in Milwaukee provoked strikes that were clearly aimed at halting our defense effort. The UAW leaders would prove themselves incapable of learning if they did not attempt to prevent such conduct again.

The core of Communism in the UAW has for some time been in the Ford Local 600 in Detroit. It is a local union which is a rich prize, bitterly and constantly striven for by the Party. Its present administration has the allegiance and support of Walter Reuther who gave the UAW, if not the only, certainly the most intelligent and vigorous anti-Communist leadership it has had.

But a local union which has a membership of 65,000 must needs, if it is successfully to police its contract, have a large number of officials. Counting in the stewards and committeemen, Local 600 has 550 officers, most of whom are elected. All of these had to sign, by the first of August, the union's own non-Communist affidavits under pain of being dismissed. That is to say that those who refused their signatures became subject to trial on the ground of "conduct unbecoming a union representative." Clearly nothing like this has happened before in our long history of trade unionism.

But the administration of the large Ford local is committed to the belief that Stalin and his conduct are "a threat to our very fundamental right to live in the manner in which we choose." Hence the new pledge whose text follows:

> I hereby pledge that I owe allegiance to the Government of the United States and to no other. I support the policy of the CIO as that policy may be determined by majority opinion within my union. I further state that I am not a member of the Communist Party, Fascist Party or the Ku Klux Klan, nor do I support the policy and the program of Soviet Russia and its satellite nations, nor will I distribute any leaflets or other form of literature for petitions in favor of such policy or program.

THIS LAST HAS obvious reference to the so-called Stockholm Petition which, as everywhere else, Party members have circulated in our auto shops. In many instances, as at the Kaiser plant at Willow Run, the Nash plant in Milwaukee and a Chrysler plant in California, the workers themselves have dealt drastically with the bearers of the alleged peace petition. Such violence of conduct has met with swift and severe condemnation by Mr. Reuther, but there is no evidence that he frowns on the Ford pledge.

Much more, of course, is at stake here than the seeking of names or the giving of them for the support of a false and wicked thing called a peace pledge. But it is worth observing, nonetheless, that the Stockholm Petition is an instrument of aggression. One Leonid Sobelov, a Soviet novelist, regards it as an oath "to sabotage food, trains, munitions and communications all over the non-Communist world." The Communist armies in Indo-China call the Stockholm pledge a "sincere decision to help in the slaughter of the French enemies." And the German Nazis are taking the pledge, too, at the invitation of German Communist leader Otto Grotewohl, who last week invited all who mourn for Hitler to "join his National Front of Democratic Germany." (That quotation is from an editorial in the New York *Post* for July 27.)

What is really at stake is the security of the American worker, of his union, of his country, of its defenses. All things are altered by circumstances. Whatever the right of the Communist to hold office in a union, that right expires when a democratic country is at war. Walter Reuther said at the CIO convention in 1948 that the Communists "are not trade unionists, they are colonial agents of a foreign government using the trade unions as an operating base." This judgment on them being sound and beyond dispute, to compel such affirmation as the Ford local has done seems to me a procedure made in harmony with fact and common sense.

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OF COURSE this action has met with the stigma of "witch hunt." But that is a phrase from which long since any meaning has withered away. I would be the last man in the world, God knows, to argue in favor of restrictions on freedom. What right, it is fair to ask, is being invaded here? The right to run for office, to win it and to hold it? Surely not. No union constitution can, without reservations, grant that right. In his concurring opinion in the case involving the constitutionality of the Taft-Hartley non-Communist affidavits, Mr. Justice Jackson wrote: "Our Constitution is not a covenant of non-resistance toward organized efforts at disruption and betrayal, either of labor or of the country."

Similarly the constitution of any union cannot rightly or sanely be regarded as a covenant of such non-resistance. In the first place any institution which has a right to exist has an obligation to preserve itself. It has literally, it seems to me, a moral obligation to maintain itself. If it be a trade union it has obligations in respect of the contract to which it is a voluntary party. But it can do neither of these things—it cannot effectively

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preserve itself or abide by its contractual obligations, if it be capriciously subject to pressures or conduct that are political or sinister in character and which have no relevance to ends and purposes which are its real concern.

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MOREOVER a trade union is a voluntary organization. As such it has a right, consistent with honor, democracy and fairness, to make its own rules, its own qualifications respecting the right to hold office. Surely one of the rules which cannot fairly run afoul of the charge of "witch hunt" is that men may not be allowed to share in the administration of an institution to which they are inimical. One could not be taken seriously who, charging "witch hunt," protested that Mickey Cohen could not run for office in the Salvation Army, or that the Dean of Canterbury be considered for the Papacy by the College of Cardinals. There are some things which all reasonable men will agree in calling insane.

In the opinion by Mr. Justice Jackson to which I have made reference, the question is asked why, if it were unconstitutional to require labor union officers to foreswear membership in the Republican or the Democratic or the Socialist Party, "it is valid as to the Communist Party?" And the answer the Justice gives is this:

> From information before its several committees and from facts of general knowledge, Congress could rationally conclude that, behind its political party facade, the Communist Party is a conspiratorial and revolutionary junta, organized to reach ends and to use methods which are incompatible with our constitutional system.

And from there Mr. Jackson goes on to list its distinguishing characteristics.

I speak with no disrespect for Justice Jackson when I note that Walter Reuther, and Carl Stellato, the president of Ford Local 600, are much closer than he to the activities of Communists in the labor movement. What the Justice thinks Congress could rationally conclude these men can conclude also.

And if fresh evidence were wanting, Harry Bridges has just furnished it. Mr. Bridges, among all his other activities, is the honorary president of the Communist-controlled World Maritime Federation. The Federation has ordered a worldwide boycott against working on any ships which in any way are used to aid UN intervention in Korea. Mr. Bridges, a convicted perjurer, spoke at a meeting of West Coast longshoremen and advocated support of his Federation's policy. The longshoremen refused even to listen to him. But "Red 'Arry" was doing what you would have expected of him.

The Stalin fifth column is doing—and will do—in our unions and in our shops what they have been ordered to do. *Voila l'ennemi.* Regarding the charge of witch hunting Mr. Stellato has raised the question: "But how can that charge be justified when American soldiers are being killed in Korea?" How indeed? He need not stay for an answer.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

The Screen

POOR RICHARD

ADMIRERS of Richard Widmark have watched with interest how his movie roles have vacillated between heel and hero. The villainous roles turn up more often because Twentieth Century-Fox, for whom he works, happened to cast him first as a vicious, sadistic gangster with a psychotic giggle; and his portrayal won so much applause from critics and fans that he was typed. But after doing several of these meanies extremely well (his pleasant, likable face contrasts effectively with the evil characterizations) Widmark was cast as a nice guy in "Down to the Sea in Ships;" and he showed that he could also play a hero who was both winning and human. Since then he has run the gamut from hero to heel; and this week in two important new pictures he plays the leads which are distinctly opposite types.

In *"Panic in the Streets,"* Widmark portrays what is meant to be the film's hero: a doctor in the U. S. Public Health Service and a specialist in contagious tropical diseases. He discovers that a murder victim brought to the morgue had pneumonic plague, a dreadful, virulent disease that could spread in 48 hours. He informs the local government and the police whose job it becomes to track down those who were in contact with the murdered man. But the doctor and the captain of the police (Paul Douglas) clash when the doctor insists on secrecy so that the citizens will not be thrown into panic, run away, and perhaps spread the disease to other towns.

Actually "Panic in the Streets" is a chase film and a great achievement for Director Elia Kazan who uses locale (the city of New Orleans) and the large cast so well. The problems of the chase are intensified because none of the underworld characters who were with the victim on the night of the murder will admit having anything to do with him. Furthermore the police cannot identify this man, nor even learn how he got to New Orleans. The solution to all this becomes extremely complicated, but Director Kazan handles the script so that the pieces fit well together and the many people, some of whom play only bit roles, actually emerge as real people caught in a situation that is both morally and physically unhealthy. Widmark is at his best in the frustrating scenes in a seaman's hiring hall and later aboard the ship which smuggled the plague carrier into this country. The suspense, which mounts during all the episodes of chase and detection, grows even more intense when Paul Douglas finally appreciates the value of Widmark's work and starts to cooperate in earnest.

There is one aspect of "Panic in the Streets," however, which is unaccountably thrown into the script as an extra fillip. The doctor, discouraged and psychologically confused by a guilt feeling about not having a better-paying job, and his wife (Barbara Bel Geddes) discuss rather frankly limiting the size of their family. Since this young married couple are represented as the pleasantest and most likable people in this whole melange of strange

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characters, I find it difficult to understand why this unnecessary and unnatural situation was added to a script already crowded with seamy aspects of life in a large city. Or is the picture implying that the doctor throws himself so wholeheartedly into the fight against plague because of his gnawing sensations of guilt?

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IN *"No Way Out,"* Widmark portrays what is meant to be the film's villain: a tough criminal who is also a pathological Negro hater. It is this latter characteristic which is the important one in Darryl Zanuck's production designed to point out the evils of race prejudice. Seen from the point of view of the young Negro doctor, who is interning at the hospital where two wounded gunmen are brought for treatment, this film is effective in displaying the gross injustices and great waste that come out of prejudice. But unfortunately this movie must be seen as a whole, and we cannot overlook the fact that the criminal who starts all the persecution of the Negroes is psychotic and most of his followers stand at a pretty low level of intelligence. This isn't a story of prejudice as it pertains to you and me; it is a special story of the mistreatment of Negroes by sick and small minds who would probably take their hostilities out on any minority group that happened to be handy. It pertains to us mainly as to how we can stop these sick and small minds from persecuting any group.

Director Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who wrote the story with Lesser Samuels, uses some exceptionally brutal material in putting over his points. After the criminal (Widmark at his sneeringest and leeringest) decides that the young Negro doctor (effectively portrayed by Sidney Poitier) intentionally killed his brother during treatment, he leads the onslaught against the doctor and other Negroes in the town. His gang assembles to beat up the Negroes; but in the meantime the Negroes gather their forces and attack the whites. And the resulting race riot is one of the most vicious sequences I've ever seen in a movie. Although the cast in this film (which also includes Linda Darnell, Stephen McNally, Mildred Joanne Smith) is good, and the script approaches many of the race problems with frank realism, I refuse to admit that there is no way out—even though intolerance is an illness. We can cure that illness; and I believe some movies based on love instead of hate can show the way.

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"KISS Tomorrow Goodbye" is another of those very well made movies that show how criminals live and operate, but which add up to little more than vicarious thrills. James Cagney, playing a gangster with paranoiac tendences, almost gets away with his skillfully planned life of crime—but a jealous moll finally does him in. While a film like this winds up on a crime-does-not-pay note, it also goes far out of its way to be quite vivid in its depiction of depravity, and it belongs to the vice-for-vice's-sake school.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Communications

Union Now

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: When I wrote the article which appeared in *Look* in June urging union between Canada and the United States, I certainly never expected to land also in THE COMMONWEAL. Hence Mr. Murray Ballantyne's critical but urbane discussion of my proposal in your July 28 issue gave me real pleasure.

Naturally it was gratifying to find Mr. Ballantyne admitting "the doubtless valid economic and military reasons in favor of economic or political union." It was even more gratifying to read his conclusion, for I agree with him unreservedly when he says: "Mr. Shea undoubtedly has hold of a point of real importance, particularly in this modern and grim age. . . . If the call of the times is for more unity, and there is good reason to believe that it is, then we should aim not at a mere continental union but at some sort of union between the United States and the whole of the British Commonwealth."

As Mr. Ballantyne brings out, Canada and the United States have cooperated fully for quite a few years in planning the joint defense of the North American continent. From this standpoint, union of the two countries would only make the cooperation more perfect. But their fundamental defense problem is far broader than that of defense of the continent alone . . .

As I write, American boys are fighting in Korea, and other members of the United Nations have promised to send aid. But they are planning to send only token quantities. This fact suggests to me that even union of the United States and the British Commonwealth might be insufficient. Personally I would prefer the broader proposal advanced in the resolution passed by the Senate of Canada on June 29 this year. That proposal is for a convention of all civil-liberty democracies to study the possibility of their forming a federal union. Only such a union, it seems to me, would be fully able to meet and drive back the East's portentous threat to their existence. A resolution similar to the Canadian one has been introduced in the US Congress.

TO get back to the article in *Look,* I take more seriously the obstacle to union with Canada inherent in her partly British character than the one inherent in her partly French character. In contrast, Mr. Ballantyne evidentaly takes the latter more seriously. Since he is an English-speaking Canadian—a British Canadian, as it were—this fact fills me with optimism. Maybe I have taken the British obstacle too seriously.

As to the French question, I will not try to argue Mr. Ballantyne down. He lives in Quebec, among the French Canadians, and I live far away in New York. However, it does seem to me that the states' rights system of the United States might be just as attractive to the French

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Canadians as the arrangement by which they now benefit. If Quebec were one of the United States, the French-speaking majority would be in control and could do what it wanted on all matters within state jurisdiction.

Furthermore, the melting-pot of the United States seems to have considerable attraction of its own. Many Europeans who speak other languages than English want to come here. And I have been told that numerous French Canadians, while appreciating fully the enlightened character of the legislation which preserves their special rights, feel sometimes that they would prefer a system which does not set them apart so markedly.

The difficulties Mr. Ballantyne cites are, it seems to me, mere obstacles to union. They are not arguments against it. If greater unity is desirable, it is worth seeking in spite of obstacles, and the only question is how to achieve it. Perhaps it can be done best one nation at a time. Perhaps Mr. Ballantyne is right in suggesting that a larger union would be easier to create. If so, I am all for going about getting unity that way.

The Korean emergency, and the enormous difficulties with which it may yet face us, may possibly act to fuse the West into a more effective barrier to Eastern conquest than it has shown itself so far to be. If not, I am very much afraid we have less time left than most of us like to think.

GEORGE E. SHEA, JR.

Of Note

Conscience and Capitalism

THE latest *Blackfriars* (St. Giles, Oxford, England) has the general title "Who Baptized Capitalism?" One of the articles is "The Conscience of Capitalism," by J. F. T. Prince, and concludes with these remarks:

> . . . the broad fact remains that when Our Lord spoke of the rich (and never did he come so near to contempt) it was on *things,* not people, that he spent his contempt—nay, hatred. *Things,* and the scarcely-surmountable obstruction they formed along the way of truth and justice and love—the road to the kingdom. Privilege, the economic illusion of virtue, the universal substitute, covers a multitude of sins. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes. It edifies all. The courtesy-bob in abject thankfulness for the roughest condescension; the forelock pulled for the smallest respite or remission; very heaven lauded when master and landlord saw fit to return a token of the rents and the labor on which he lived. . . . These, we are told, linger yet in the memory of the elders as remnants of better days, when the Pauline injunction was heeded and there were happier dealings between masters and servants.

The more serious, we have suggested, will turn to the Gospel, and to its authorized interpretation in later times. Thus, in a broadcast to the Argentine, Pope Pius XII reminded us that "when he who has an abundance of riches is generous towards others he is only carrying out an elementary duty towards Him from whom all goods things proceed." In his *Summa* Saint Thomas says that the poor have "by natural right" a claim to the things "a person possesses in superfluity" and that no person must hold material things to be his own absolute property but common property and therefore "must readily let others who are in need have part of them."

Logically enough a former editor of a well-known continental journal remarks, "These teachings of Saint Thomas certainly go far beyond the obligation to give alms and to be generous to the needy. In them Catholics may well find the legitimate credentials to be admitted as co-planners and co-builders of that economic and social New Order which, in continental Europe, is already clearly outlined as the coming secular civilization of Europe. Should this New Order come about without the collaboration of the Catholic element, or, more fatal still, after overcoming religious resistance, it would spell the end of Christian influence in the life of the affairs of the state, and of the masses of the people."

Vocation

CONGRESSMAN Eugene F. McCarthy, Representative from Minnesota, spoke at the commencement exercises of Mount St. Scholastica College. His talk, printed in the summer *Benedictine Review* (Atchison, Kansas), was concerned with Benedictine education, and particularly with the influence of Dom Virgil Michel of St. John's Abbey. In connection with Dom Virgil's emphasis on the importance of understanding and practicing one's own vocation, Congressman McCarthy says that on one hand the meaning of vocation "has been so generalized that it has little significance for individual Christians; on the other, where its meaning remains specific, it has been restricted in application to callings to the priestly and religious life." He continues:

> . . . this loss of the awareness of vocation is another subtle manifestation of the secularization of our society. It is not something which has happened overnight. It is not wholly the product of the materialism of the modern age, nor can we find the beginnings of this change in the Reformation. The first signs of the trend were evident much earlier. Medieval monks defended their discontinuing manual labor on the grounds that such work was incompatible with spiritual progress. The

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work of the middle class traders and merchants was denied status in the medieval order. There is much truth in the protest of the soldier in *The Diary of a Country Priest* who declared that Joan of Arc was the last Christian soldier. Since that time the soldier has often been called on to fight for Christianity, but rarely to fight as a Christian. It has been admitted that Christians make good soldiers, but rarely that military service might make a good Christian. So with the fields of work—old vocations were lost and new ones were not recognized.

Along with this progressive loss of the sense of vocation there has been a corresponding loss of the meaning of profession and neglect of the practice. This in a sense is another sign of the denial and rejection of sacramentalism. Medieval Christian society, for all its faults and there were many, was essentially a professional society, that is, its members were professed Christians. The medieval man, having received a vocation by accident of birth, or by choice within the limits permitted him, professed to that calling. The oath of allegiance of the serf was his profession. The promises of the craftsman upon his admission to the guild was similarly a profession—as were the vows of the knights and of the religious, and even the coronation oaths of the rulers. Profession was essentially a public and formal acceptance of a vocation, a public and formal acceptance that this was the way by which the individual Christian was to work out his own salvation and promote the common good.

I am not advocating, nor did Dom Virgil, any jumping back to the supposedly good days of a nicely ordered, highly stratified society. We cannot solve our problems by dreaming romantic dreams of a new medievalism. It is not good to put new wine in old bottles. We live in a formally classless society, despite Marx, rather than because of him. In the society of the present we must make our way. In this formless society we must each make a choice of a life's work and having made that choice, or having been called, we must accept it as God's way for us.

An Appeal

SISTER LEONARDA MARIE has written from Brussels of the plight of two convents of her order in Germany. Both are caring for many children. Food and clothing parcels are greatly needed. The addresses:

Rev. Mother M. Simon Petra
Marienheim — Hopfengasse 8
Erfurt, Russian Zone
Germany

Rev. Mother Johanna Evangelista
Kloster Kalvarienberg
Ahrweiler — Rheinland
French Zone, Germany

A Story

The Knife

By JOHN A. LYNCH

IT HAD begun snowing again, and between the red draperies flanking the windows Hastings could see the flakes falling heavy and straight, the light of the room glinting on them. He took the knife in his hands and opened and closed the blade several times. The single blade folded into a ridged, black bone haft whose open edge was made in a slight arc, so that the blade could be drawn quickly. The blade was very sharp and he tested it again by running his thumb obliquely along its edge. It was a German knife, and at the base of the blade, crosswise, there was imprinted *Solingen.*

"There was a letter came with it," Hastings said. He touched with the point of the blade the fingers of his left hand, one by one, as if counting the seconds it would take him to say what he had to say. "It all came in a box, neatly wrapped. There were several things David had got, maps, postage stamps, cards, part of a diary, the usual things I suppose. They wrapped it all and sent it."

"And the knife, eh?" said Stevenson.

Reid grunted in his corner. "Hmm," he said. "Hmmm, hmmm."

Hastings returned the knife to the table, the blade still drawn. He looked at the floor and with his eyes traced the baroque carpet design, black on red. From beyond the doorway, out of sight, he could hear the Negro, Clyde, welcoming the evening's guests.

"The maps, the diary, those I can understand," he said, looking again at the snow. "Picked up on some street corner, the diary jotted down whenever he had a chance. But it is the knife, that is what troubles me."

"Let us reconstruct it then," offered Stevenson.

"Return to the scene of the crime, is that it?" asked Reid.

"No, not necessarily a crime," explained Stevenson. "We'll reconstruct what we can, the *where,* the *how.* But that isn't to say there is a crime involved."

Reid grunted again. He withdrew a goldbacked watch from his upper vest pocket and consulted it for a moment, holding it to his ear. When he had returned it he made a further investigation of his pockets and found three cigars.

Leaning forward, Hastings looked from one to the other of the men. He could not believe that David had ever killed anyone. Even though David himself was now dead he could not believe it. But that was what the others must be thinking.

JOHN A. LYNCH *is a short story writer who lives in Birmingham, Michigan.*

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He was looking at the snow when Reid's hand appeared in front of him, holding a cigar. With a faint smile on his lips Reid offered his lighter. Then he lit Stevenson's cigar and, going to sit down again, his own.

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"THEY were in the forest," Reid began, through the first wisps of smoke.

"A possibility," said Stevenson, settling himself, "of which there are many."

"Well, we do know several things," Hastings said. "We know about where David was and we know when he died. We know that he never got beyond the Vosges."

"It helps some," Stevenson said, "though not much. You see, we must consider that he could have got the knife at any time, in any place. Fortunately, we know that he was never in Solingen, or Germany itself for that matter. But still it is like looking for the needle in the haystack." He paused. "There was nothing in the diary?"

"No, nothing that would help. Notes and random thoughts, but nothing that would help."

Reid settled back in his chair. "Killed some Heinie for it," he said. "That's my opinion." He flicked cigar ashes into a tray at his side and looked at neither of the men.

"But we don't *know*," Hastings said.

"No, of course not," said Stevenson, rising a little in his chair. "That's only a speculation Reid is making."

"But it's not," Reid said, looking at them now. "Why beat around the bush? Figure it out. He met the guy in the woods, or some town. Killed him and stripped him." He contemplated the glowing end of his cigar, glancing as he did at Hastings. "Isn't that easy enough to see?"

Hastings watched them, holding his own cigar tightly in his fist. Beyond Reid's chair he could see the snow still falling straight. He spoke quietly to Reid: "I don't care to believe that David killed a man and stripped him. There can be some other way. Even though it was war, and David was a soldier, I don't care to believe it. He could have found the knife. David wasn't the kind to take an eye for an eye."

Reid sat up. "An eye for an eye exactly! Killed a German soldier. That's what he was supposed to do."

"All right, all right," Stevenson intervened. "Maybe what Reid says is the more practical view. But there still could be a number of possibilities."

"Perhaps we can never know for sure," Hastings said. He spoke to the windows. "But we can hope that David came by the knife without having to hurt anyone, can't we? Can't we do that?"

"Hurt?" It was Reid again, pointing with the stub of his cigar. "Perhaps you misunderstand me. Your son was over there to hurt people. He was supposed to kill German soldiers and German people. That's what the war was all about. So if he got the knife by killing a man, well, he was entitled to it. Wasn't he?"

"Yes, yes, of course," said Stevenson. He got out of his chair and began pacing the carpet behind it, from his chair to the wall and back again.

"We're trying to help Hastings, aren't we?" said Reid. "We've got to face up to the whole picture then."

Hastings looked out over his fingertips to the falling snow. "I took the knife to Vogel's one day," he said. "He assured me that the knife is not the regular German issue. Nor is it a knife that a soldier would be likely to buy for himself." He spoke slowly, and as he spoke he handled the knife, trying the edge on his thumb, pricking the point of the blade into the flesh of his fingers, closing the blade and drawing it again.

"But it might be a knife that a German father would give to his son when he went away. Vogel knows something of the tradition. He thinks it is a knife that a German father gave to his son.

"I'm not going to say that David killed a German soldier to get this knife. He could have found it, he could have found it on a dead German even. Perhaps it was an accident. The German boy died one day and he lost the knife and David found it. Then David carried it for a while and when he died they sent it on to me. From one father to another and two sons have died on the way. Only the German father doesn't know all of this. He only knows that his son didn't come back. That's all he knows." He saw the snow falling, with his thumb felt the edge of the blade, ran his fingers over the word *Solingen*.

Then his eyes fell on Reid, who sat watching him.

"C'est la guerre," said Reid.

There was a movement at the doorway and Ralph, the barboy, came into the room. "Are you gentlemen drinking?" he asked.

"Yes, of course!" Stevenson walked to his chair and grasped the back of it, speaking too loudly. "Yes, yes, bring us a drink."

"Bourbon and soda," Reid said, fading into his chair.

"The same," echoed Stevenson. He stood for a moment, then began pacing again.

The boy backed up a step as if to go, then halted. "You, sir?" he said, turning to Hastings.

"Yes," Hastings said. "The same will do."

The boy bowed slightly and turned away. When he was to the doorway Reid called: "Can you remember that, boy?"

The boy stopped, off balance. "Yes, sir," he said, almost inaudibly, then went through the doorway without looking back.

Stevenson returned to his chair. "Well," he said. "Well, we'll have a drink in a minute. That ought to help."

"I didn't mean to make a speech," Hastings said. "I didn't mean that at all."

"Why, it's perfectly all right," Reid said. "It's nothing."

★

STEVENSON ground out his cigar in a tray and leaned forward, speaking to Hastings. "If I may ask, what does Mrs. Hastings think of all this?"

Hastings looked up slowly. "I've never told her. She's never seen the knife."

"Oh." Stevenson hesitated. "Well, I just thought I would ask. Perhaps she had offered an opinion." Then after a minute he said, "May I see the knife again?"

Hastings closed the blade and passed it to him. He watched Stevenson handle the knife, draw the blade,

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close it, draw it and test the edge the way he himself had done.

"It seems so simple," Stevenson said, "and yet. . . ."

Reid said, "Let's see it," and closing the blade Stevenson passed the knife to him.

More composed than when he had left, the barboy came in with the drinks and set them on the table. "Mixed?" he asked.

They nodded assent and he proceeded to fill the glasses. Passing the drinks, he set his tray on the table again.

"Boy, come here a minute," Reid said. He had put his glass on the floor beside his chair and was holding the knife.

"Sir?" the barboy said, walking toward him. When he had got within a step of Reid's chair, Reid scowled and lunged at him with the open knife.

"Mister!" the Negro cried, stumbling backward.

Reid laughed.

The boy had stopped at an obedient distance, eyeing the knife in Reid's hand. "Mister, you shouldn't done that," he said, his voice quavering.

Stevenson said nothing. But his face reddened and he dabbed at his pants' leg where he had spilled some of his drink when Reid lunged.

Hastings had spilled his drink also and on the dark carpet it glistened, then began to soak in.

"That's all, Ralph," he said, looking up. The Negro hadn't moved, nor taken his eyes from the knife. "Okay, Ralph," Hastings said. "It's all over. It's no use now."

The boy turned away from them and hurried through the doorway.

"Now what was the meaning of that?" Stevenson said, his face still flushed.

Reid took up his drink. "Meaning? Didn't you see the look on his face? Scared to hell."

"Please give me the knife," Hastings said. "You've no right to handle a knife, any knife. If you think I brought this down here . . . if you think. . . ." And now for the first time he realized that his eyes were moist, that, if he could not hold back, he might cry at any moment. He took the knife and clenched his hands over it, holding on to it tightly.

They sat quietly for several minutes, each of them glancing from time to time in the other's direction. But they said nothing and they never looked directly at each other. They looked aside, as if trying to find interest in the panels of the wall, the clubroom pictures, the snow still falling outside.

★

"HEY, what's it all about?" a voice from the doorway said suddenly. They looked up to see two young men in sportcoats and slacks standing there. "Boy, that nigger's having a nightmare."

Stevenson stood up. "It's about a knife. But it's all over now."

Reid muttered. He tipped his glass up and jarred the ice cubes, shaking out the last drop of liquor.

"What knife?"

"Souvenir," Reid said. "German. But I don't think you can see it right now." He continued looking into his glass, shaking the cubes of ice.

"Well, we didn't mean to butt in," and the young men in the doorway walked away.

Stevenson went to the window and pulled aside the drapery to look out. Then he returned to his chair. "I wonder if we could get another drink?"

His question hung in the air. After a minute he crossed the room and went out. Hastings sat looking out at the snow. In his pocket he had his hand on the knife, was feeling the ridge of the blade. Deep in his own chair Reid was still staring into the bottom of his empty glass.

In a minute Stevenson returned carrying a tray with three drinks. "I think just a quick one and I'll have to be going," he said.

Reid stirred, took out his goldbacked watch and consulted it. "It's later than I thought," he said. "Just one drink. I'll have to be getting on myself."

Stevenson crossed to Hastings who took a glass and set it beside his first, which was still a quarter full. Hastings said nothing.

Taking the second glass, Reid immediately began to drink. Stevenson stood by the window again, and when he turned around his glass was empty.

"Are you leaving with me?" Stevenson asked Reid.

"May as well. Can go part way." Reid rose from his chair. "Or are you driving?"

"No. Wife's night."

Hastings rose also and followed them from the room. Walking behind them he said, "I'm sorry about all this. I didn't mean to. . . ."

Stevenson waited for him, put his hand on Hastings' sleeve. "Now don't you blame yourself. It's just a little out of our line, I guess. The war and all. I'm sorry we couldn't have helped you."

"Sure," Reid said, with something of a smile. "Out of our line. You know."

★

HASTINGS stood back as they took their coats. They put on their hats and walked to the door and went out. Clyde closed the door behind them.

"It was Mr. Reid?" Clyde asked.

"Yes, Clyde. It's all right now," Hastings said.

"Mr. Hastings, Ralph was scared. Said Mr. Reid tried to stab him with a knife. That isn't right."

"He didn't mean it, Clyde. I brought the knife here. Mr. Reid didn't mean it."

"It was your knife?"

"Yes. It belonged to David."

"David, the boy that was killed?"

"Yes, Clyde." He reached in his pocket and took out the knife and showed it to Clyde. He opened the blade and closed it and showed him how sharp the edge was. "It's a German knife, Clyde. I don't know how David got it. I think he killed a man, but I don't know."

Clyde stood looking at the floor. "Perhaps he didn't, Mr. Hastings. There could be another way, couldn't there? Some other way. I wish there was something I could say." Then after a moment he said, looking up,

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"May I get you your coat now?"

"Yes, Clyde. Thanks."

He tightened his muffler and slipped his arms into the coat.

The snow had stopped falling and the walk down from the door had been scraped clean. But beyond that the snow lay white and full. Hastings looked both ways on the street, but he could see no one. There was only the snow, covering the ground as far as he could see, and on the trees, piled like cotton, tracing them against the sky.

He started along the walk, the snow cushioning beneath his feet. There was a slight crunching noise as he walked, but otherwise the street was quiet. Then from ahead he heard laughter, a man's voice, a voice filling the street with laughter. The laughter rose and fell, raucous, unmuffled, and then, rising again, it was abruptly silenced.

Hastings stopped walking, but he could see nothing. He waited on the street, listening, not sure, and his hands grew cold as he stood there. But the street had become quiet again, and when he began walking once more there was only the slight crunching noise beneath his feet.

Books

The Green Huntsman. Stendahl. New Directions. $3.50.

IT is to the merit of Stendahl that, whatever the value of his moral view, he treated love in a far superior manner than did the French philosophers who were to follow in the last half of the nineteenth century. Whereas they treated love as a mechanistic unitary impulse, methodically explainable, Stendahl, in a masterly psychological analysis, brought out all its subtle contradictions, elusiveness, and unexpected turns. This aspect of his art has been obscured by the exaggerated identification of his heroes with the "will to power" type.

In the recent translation, quite a good one, of *Lucien Leuwen,* Book I, this analytical power is given free rein. It is a novel of Stendahl's own times, the Restoration which followed the downfall of Napoleon. The hero, a young, wealthy Parisian bourgeois with republican tendencies and an interest in the natural sciences, has joined the army out of boredom. He is sent to Nancy, a small border town, and there falls in love with a local belle, whom he leaves at the end, mistakenly believing that she has betrayed him. The description of life in the provinces has all the attraction and weakness of caricature. It is the world of the *Ultras,* the fanatic monarchists, unctuous and Machiavellian in their piety, bent on reacquiring lost fortunes; of the *juste-milieu,* those seeking a compromise of republican and monarchist claims; of republicans working for the heavenly city, to be completed shortly with the aid of shopkeepers and civic-minded journalists and engineers. They are knaves, dull knaves. Hence Stendahl says, "a curse on all their houses."

Stendahl never completed the work, and the novel shows the usual signs of lack of revision. Irony is used with an uneven hand, character traits are glued on from the outside, dialogue oscillates between the natural and the stereotyped. Yet even in a minor work such as this, the author, in analyzing the utter helplessness of sincerity to understand love fully, has left marks of the master.

It is this lighthearted but penetrating analysis which holds the book together. Even in the hero's romantic fainting spells there is a charm which we, alas, have but too completely lost. Our modern hero when in love is more manly. In a recent well-known American novel the hero's physiological reaction to love is not swooning but regurgitation.

SERGE HUGHES.

Russian Impact On Art. Mikhail Alpatov. Edited by Martin L. Wolf. Philosophical Library. $7.50.

A REMARKABLE amount of knowledge and a curious lack of discrimination, according to our free cultural standards, have gone into the writing of this book on Russian art—a work that presents in scarcely disguised form the official trends of Soviet culture today. As such, this learned work by Professor Alpatov of Moscow University is worth studying, because it gives us an approximate idea of how and why art is taught in the universities of the USSR.

Professor Alpatov, as the jacket tells us, "has written numerous works on various aspects of the history of art. The first was devoted to the origin and development of Byzantine and Russian art." Indeed, Mr. Alpatov's experience in this field is quite outstanding. The chapters in the book which deal with ancient Russian iconography and architecture are both profound and brilliant; thus, for instance, the author describes the famous icon of the Trinity by Andrei Rublyov (c. 1370-1430) in terms which seem to grasp the essential spiritual traits of Russian icon painting. "Rublyov," Alpatov writes, "all unconscious of his high historical vocation" expressed in his Trinity "the profound theological idea of the appearance of the Diety to man, but the Diety is incorporated in the lively, enchanting figures of graceful youths, the theology is revealed direct to the eye by harmony of form."

Mr. Alpatov's point, in speaking of Russian art and architecture, is that it is profoundly original and national, and as such distinct from the Byzantine patterns it followed. Even greater, of course, is the distinction between Russian art and western trends — something obvious enough, but which Mr. Alpatov discusses with pedantic fervor. This, as we can easily guess, is done in order not to be accused of "cosmopolitanism," i.e., sympathy with the West, which is the mortal sin in today's Soviet Russia. The truth, national, cultural, spiritual, must be, according to the Party line, on the side of Russian art versus a steadily disintegrating West. And yet, in spite of all he says about this, how familiar and well-versed is Mr. Alpatov with this "deteriorated" western art!

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From early Italian masters to modern painting—the author reveals himself to be a knowledgeable art critic. But the Party line recommends and enforces opinions which must be followed at all costs. Thus Mr. Alpatov has to quote Lenin on economic progress. He has to bring into line certain aspects of Russian culture and the present-day principles of nationalistic Soviet ideology. This compulsion leads to confusion. Russian "impact on art" is not clear to the reader when he is made to skip from painting to literature, from pure art to social and political writings, from Dostoevski to Tchaikovsky, from the Moscow art theatre and the ballet to conventional landscapes and portraits by mediocre Russian painters.

Can art itself be regarded as a competition between East and West? Should not this very idea be discarded as preposterous? Can we, following Mr. Alpatov's *legère-de-main* demonstrations, condemn western art as individualistic, morbid, "sugary" (the latter term applied by Prof. Alpatov to Fra Angelico because of the artist's "kindly nature")? Our limited space permits us to cite only a few of Alpatov's over-all, astoundingly naive estimations. For those who have followed recent trends of official Soviet culture, these estimations hold no surprise. But it is highly unfortunate that Russian art at its best, which belongs to our universal cultural heritage, should be interpreted through party-line prisms, which degrade even the highest values.

HELENE ISWOLSKY.

The New Society. Peter Drucker. Harper. $5.

AT least one commentator—Irving Pflaum of the Chicago *Sun-Times*—has suggested that the recent General Motors contract was the first attempt by a giant enterprise to seek the solution outlined by Drucker in *The New Society*. If so, Drucker is an odds-end favorite for the Nobel Prize, for no single event of recent years has contributed as much to industrial peace as has the unexpected GM settlement—and industrial peace is almost as important over the long haul as international peace and is very probably even an indispensable prerequisite to the latter. Drucker, himself, for example, warns us that "if this country . . . fails to serve as a working model, if it does not succeed in developing at home a functioning and free industrial society, our very technological leadership will bring catastrophe to the world and to ourselves." "No amount of military strength," he adds, "no success of anti-Communist diplomacy, no Marshall Plan, could in the long run prevent this. These, however necessary and beneficial, are stopgaps and futile in the end unless they are followed up by that assertion of world leadership which only the successful development of a Constitution for a Free Industrial Society can provide." He would be a reckless man, indeed, who would disagree with this conclusion.

But what is the Drucker solution which General Motors is said to have followed as a model in negotiating its recent contract with the UAW? It takes Drucker himself 352 pages to answer this question, but we can

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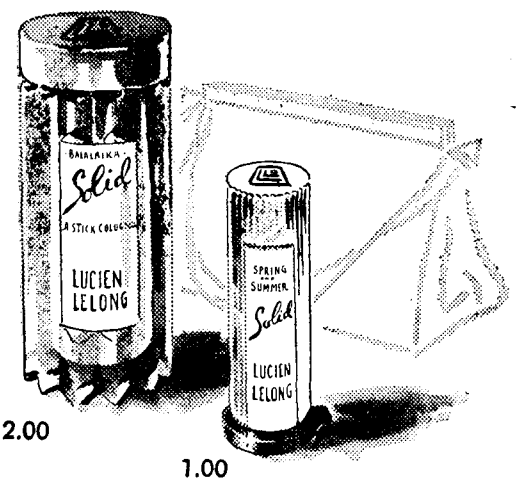

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settle tentatively for the first paragraph of the first page of Chapter 11:

> The answer, the only possible answer to the political duality of the individual enterprise, is the labor union. Management with its political authority over the enterprise can neither be avoided nor be transformed, no matter what political, economic or legal arrangements are tried. At the same time this governmental authority can never put the welfare of its subjects first; it cannot be legitimate. Hence the split has to be institutionalized, has, so to speak, to be built into the very structure of the government of the enterprise. The only way to make the government of the enterprise legitimate is through a counterpower which represents the members against their government while at the same time itself forming a part of this government. The *union* is thus the institutional expression of the basic political tension of the enterprise. It is primarily a political organ. Even where the conflict is apparently over dollars and cents, the real fight is over power and control.

What Pflaum means, therefore, when he says the GM was following the Drucker formula in its recent contract is this: the GM management, in publicly making a five-year act of faith in the UAW, "institutionalized" the inevitable (?) "split" referred to by Drucker and thereby made its own government of the GM enterprise "legitimate." The union is freely accepted (and even protected with a form of union security) as the loyal opposition to management within the enterprise. The result is that the GM worker is now able to be loyal to his union and at the same time loyal to the enterprise *through his union,* which at least for the next five years is to be recognized by everybody concerned as an integral part of the government of the enterprise.

THIS very brief and rather tortuous summary of *The New Society* does much less than even elementary justice to one of the most thought-provoking books of the year, but it does suggest, at least to the reviewer himself, the basic strength of the book as well as its underlying weakness.

The strength of the book lies in the fact that Drucker has analyzed, as brilliantly as any modern writer, the problems of industrial relations in the individual company or "enterprise." He is thoroughly at home in economics, political science, industrial psychology, and industrial sociology, and has succeeded admirably in harmonizing the findings of all four disciplines and applying them meaningfully to the practical problems of the "enterprise." His observations on the subject of profits and profitability in the modern enterprise, on the subject of income and employment prediction, on unionism, on the qualities essential to management and to union leadership, and on a wide variety of other important topics are highly original and provocative. His book is one of the

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most quotable of recent years and undoubtedly will be one of the most quoted, with or without acknowledgments.

The underlying weakness of the book, in the reviewer's opinion, which of course is subject to correction, is the fact that Drucker has confined himself almost exclusively to the problems of the individual company or "enterprise." His "new society" is very limited in scope. It is not the new "social order" of the encyclicals, for example, which look beyond the admittedly important problems of the "enterprise" and concentrate on the even more important problem of how the organized *industries* (not merely the separate "enterprises") can piece themselves together into an organically organized social order consciously pursuing social justice by promoting the general economic welfare.

It is only fair to add that Drucker has anticipated this very type of criticism. "This is an anti-utopian book," he says. "It aims throughout not at the ideal of society, but at a *livable society of our time*."

THAT'S fair enough. The least that any author can be granted is the right to decide what he is going to write about in a given book and what he is not going to write about. But—will we really have a "livable society for our time" once the social and political problems of the individual "enterprise" are reasonably well solved along the lines of Drucker's formula or anybody else's formula as far as that's concerned? Socialism—which Drucker, of course, rejects in favor of a free society, and rightly so—promises to bring order into whole industries and professions and into the whole economy. Is the "new society"—self-government at the plant level and labor-management cooperation on income and employment prediction and on other matters—a viable alternative to socialism or is it merely a *preparation* for an adequate alternative in the form of an Industry Council system as outlined, for example, in the encyclicals, which encyclicals, incidentally, are referred to in such a way by Drucker as to suggested that perhaps he does not fully understand them? Can we even hope to grow into an Industry Council system if the union is to be regarded exclusively as a "counterpower" or the "loyal opposition" within the "enterprise?" Under this definition of the union what meaning can we attach to Pius XI's recommendation that our unions and employers' associations "now flourishing and rejoicing in their salutary fruits, set before themselves the task of preparing the way, in conformity with the mind of Christian social teaching, for those larger and more important guilds, Industries and Professions [industry councils] . . . and make every effort to bring them to realization?" Can we hope to have a "livable society for our time" unless we establish what *Quadragesimo Anno* refers to as "a juridical and social order which will, as it were, give form and shape to all economic life?"

These are rhetorical questions in a way, their only purpose being to suggest, and not at all captiously, that Drucker probably owes us another book. Meanwhile be sure to read *The New Society*. It's the book of the year in the field of socio-economics. GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

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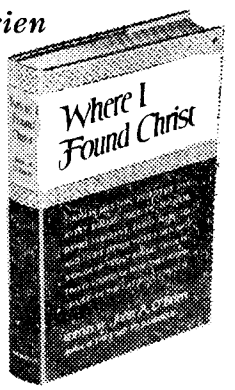

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Behind Closed Doors. Ellis M. Zacharias. Putnam. $3.50.

STALIN is not so indiscreet and obliging as to provide us with a *Mein Kampf*. But if actions speak louder than words—not that words are wanting—we have a pretty fair idea of what he wants. All the rest is detail. And it is in this respect that a book like this one, subtitled "The Secret History of the Cold War," written by a man whose business it has been to ferret out the plans of our enemies, is so extremely valuable.

Mr. Zacharias speaks in detached language. In lucid words he points out that the Communists do not see the conflict between them and us in terms of a cold or a hot war, but rather in terms of a continuing war. As Lenin has already made it clear that ultimately there could be no place for the simultaneous existence of them and us on the same planet, war is recognized by the Soviet Union as inevitable. War, says the writer, "assumes a total and permanent character. Every act of the state and of its individual parts represents a tactical move to implement the strategic concept. From this point of view, a speech delivered by Foreign Minister Vishinsky at Lake Success, the general strike of French workers, the building of a new power plant in the Kazakh Republic, the term papers prepared by children in the Russian schools must be regarded as tactical moves."

Mr. Zacharias, however, does not rely on abstractions to prove the nature of the Kremlin scheming, but rather on telling facts and figures gleaned from sources not generally available. It is amusing to note that even the Russian has to be fed his medicine in relatively small doses; for, to conquer the world, Stalin had originally figured out a fifty-year plan, but to make it palatable to his subjects he has ladled it out in five-year plans. Even so, to his own surprise, he is ahead of schedule, and the inevitable conflict is appointed to materialize "between the summer of 1952 and the fall of 1956." But Stalin himself has made mistakes, for all his acknowledged shrewdness; for one thing, the author tells how Tito outsmarted him. So perhaps he will have other surprises.

JOHN COURNOS.

• REVIEWERS •

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